

## NIECE OF PULASKI ILL AND STARVING.

Came Here to Recover a Fortune and Remained to Peddle Newspapers.

Ingratitude of Republics and Dishonesty of Nations Shown in Countess Jarocke's Story.

For Twenty-four Years She Has Sought to Recover \$2,000,000 from This Government.

PULASKI'S DEATH LEFT MONEY HERE.

Originally a Beautiful and Gifted Society Belle, the Poor Little Countess Has Become Old, Sick and Half Crazy.

The ingratitude of republics has become a matter of proverb, and the dishonesty of nations toward individuals is an old, old story.



A Lonely Watch Over a Grave.

J. L. Kerney, a sexton of Perth Amboy, has just finished a strange vigil in a cemetery of that place. Miss Fanny Hawley recently died of a cancerous disease that puzzled the doctors to such an extent that the relatives of the deceased suspected that medical students might try to get possession of the body for dissecting purposes. The sexton was hired to watch the grave and prevent its desecration, a duty he performed three nights before it was considered safe to leave the tomb unguarded.

story. But Mme. Le Comtesse Jarocke, aged, destitute, half crazed with trouble and ill treatment at the hands of the holders of the people's power, has a sad chapter to add to the story—a strong indictment against two great governments.

Several days ago the editor of the Washington Star received a pitiful letter in his mail. It was from a woman he had known and befriended in the past—Mme. Jarocke, grandniece of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who offered his fortune and his sword for the cause of freedom at the time of the Revolutionary war. The letter was mailed from Brooklyn. It said:

Dear Sir:—When this note reaches you I will be dead. Having been robbed by two of the richest governments of the world and obliged to live by the charity of the poor, which, at least, I tried to repay. To live longer this way would be fraudulent, consequently I remained to me only to end my life. You were very kind to me, and I am sorry that I am unable to repay for the kindness of these friends whom I loved.

I mention those who tormented me during twenty-four years, as I desire that my Maker shall pardon me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. J. S. JAROCKE.

This note the Washington editor at once sent on to the Superintendent of the Brooklyn police, and it was referred from headquarters to the First Precinct detectives for investigation. The officer found that Mrs. Jarocke, as she is known in the neighborhood, occupied a furnished room at No. 44 Smith street; that she was an old woman, in destitute circumstances, who lived mostly by the charity of Mrs. McCauley, of No. 156 Schermerhorn street. The old lady had not committed suicide, and she said that for the present she did not intend to do so. The police officers consequently did the only thing they could do under the circumstances—referred the matter back to headquarters, with the recommendation that Mrs. Jarocke be committed to some charitable institution. They had learned part of her story during the investigation, and all of the bluecoats about the City Hall were marvelling greatly that the Russian woman who had formerly kept the newspaper stand in front of the old Post Office building should be a real countess, with a claim of two million dollars against the Government.

"They used to call her 'Countess,'" said one brawny officer, "but I always thought it was a joke."

Mrs. McCauley, who has befriended the poor old Countess for years, in memory of a former friendship when the Countess was neither old nor poor, told her sad story yesterday.

**Sad Story of the Countess.**

"I have known her for twenty years," said Mrs. McCauley, "and I know her story to be true. I saw all the originals of her papers, and I have heard the late Hon. Marcus Ottersberg, who was her counsel, say that her claim was a just one and must in time be allowed. Mrs. Jarocke, as she is now called, is the grandniece of General Pulaski, who fought with Washington during the two bloody years against the British."

General Pulaski had brought a big sum

of money with him when he came to this country, but it was all spent in the interest of the struggling colonies. He sent home to his rich relatives for more, and they, after selling a street full of houses in the city of Warsaw, sent him \$2,000,000 in gold. But when this money arrived the noble Count had been dead six weeks, so the money was turned into the Federal Treasury to await a claimant. It laid there till 1872 or 1873, some time during General Grant's administration, when through Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State, and ex-Governor Curtin, then Minister to Russia, Mrs. Jarocke was brought over here to prosecute her claim for the restitution of the money deposited to the credit of her grandniece.

"She was a young and pretty woman then, very attractive, bright and possessed of fine clothes and valuable jewelry. She lived near me on Fulton street and we were great friends. She said that her maiden name was Soufinski, I think, and I believe her husband, from whom she had been divorced, was a prisoner in Siberia. I know who had been there curing for her brother, who was an exile."

**False Friends Took Her Papers.**

"Madame's counsel presented her case, and it went on through two or three Congresses. Her money gave out in the meantime, and she entered into a bargain with some people named Warrens, who lived at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street, New York, to board her and give her \$50 a month till she got her money when they were to receive half of whatever sum she was awarded. The Warrens got possession of all her original papers, and she kept their part of the bargain for twenty-three months, they refused to do anything more or to return the papers. They disappeared afterward, and have never been seen since. Madame then had to get certified copies of all her documents from Russia and Poland, and a passport."

"All this took time. Finally she got them, and Judge Ottersberg and General

## KEPT VIGIL AMONG THE TOMBSTONES.

Cheerless Watch of a Sexton in a Lonely Perth Amboy Cemetery.

His Duty Was to Prevent the Desecration of the Grave of Miss Fannie Hawley.

Relations Feared Medical Students Would Try to Possess the Remains.

DIED OF A PECULIAR CANCER.

Thought Scientific Zealots Would Not Stop Short of Grave Robbing to Add to Their Knowledge.

From the setting of the sun through the night and until the dawn James Foster, sexton of St. Peter's Episcopal Church,



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General Pulaski had brought a big sum

## NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN—SWINDLED.

James R. Turner Probably Realizes That Fact This Morning.

Year and a Half Ago He Gave Mrs. Saalfeld a Worthless Check.

Met Her Yesterday in Front of the Hotel Savoy and She Grabbed Him.

HE BROKE AWAY, BUT WAS CAUGHT.

She Is the Wife of the Music Publisher and Had Been Hunting for the Man for Eighteen Months.

Mrs. Saalfeld is the wife of the music publisher on Fourteenth street. She was out walking with a woman friend about 10:30 a. m. yesterday. Just in front of the Hotel Savoy they came face to face with a well-dressed man, who bowed politely and approached Mrs. Saalfeld with a courteous inquiry as to her present address. He intimated that he desired in order to send her some money he owed.

Mrs. Saalfeld cut short the recital of the man's good intentions by telling him, and shouting loudly to one of the gray-coated patrol policemen across the street. That functionary did not interpret his duty as calling him to interfere in matters beyond the park confines, and made no response. The man, emboldened by this passive assistance, tried to break away from Mrs. Saalfeld, whereupon her friend endeavored to aid her in holding him. He managed to jerk loose from the feminine clutches, however, knocking Mrs. Saalfeld over so that she fell upon the hotel steps. Then he darted around the corner and sprang toward Park avenue.

A number of persons who had witnessed the episode gave chase, shouting as they ran, and at Park avenue the fugitive was caught by Policeman Hughes, of the East Fifty-first Street Station.

To Magistrate Crane, in the Yorkville Court, where the prisoner, who admitted that his name was James R. Turner, was arraigned on the charge of passing worthless checks. Mrs. Saalfeld told the following story:

About a year and a half ago, when she and her husband were living at No. 257 West End avenue, a Mr. and Mrs. Turner came to board with them. Turner soon fell behind in payments, but finally gave her three checks, amounting to \$60, on a Wall Street bank. The checks were returned marked "short," but on Turner's promises to make good the deficit within a week she allowed him to leave. That week and many others passed, but Turner gave no sign of existence, and then the search of Mrs. Saalfeld began.

She traced him to the Gerlach, but when she went there he had gone. She advertised for his whereabouts and received over 100 letters from others of his creditors. Then she hired detectives to locate him, but the elusive Mr. Turner was not found.

About a year ago she met him in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and attempted to hold him until he could be arrested, but he escaped her. She did not see him again until last Saturday, when she was in a Sixth avenue dry goods store. She, with three or four women friends, was making an effort to hold him again, but the "unseemly" Turner again escaped, leaving a cast button in the struggle. Yesterday victory finally crowned the patient woman's efforts.

Turner was held in \$500 bail to await examination to-day.

**MARINE STRIKE THREATENS.**

Local Steamship Companies Fear the Hamburg Outbreak May Cross the Atlantic.

The big strike of the dock laborers in Hamburg gave considerable uneasiness to many of the local steamship owners yesterday. Some of them think it not improbable that the strike may extend to the larger seaboard cities of the United States.

It was said yesterday morning at the office of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company that a strike of the longshoremen here was not unexpected, though there were no present indications of it. The Hamburg-American officials anticipate delay at each end of their lines. Funch, Edge and Co. know nothing about the rumored strike in that city, but said they expected some important news to-morrow.

The success Edward McHugh, the English delegate, has had in organizing the longshoremen here is regarded as significant, taken in consideration with the Hamburg strike.

**BRYAN LEAGUE STILL LIVES.**

Arranges for a Series of Political Issues to Continue All Winter.

The Independent Bryan League, of the Twelfth Congressional District, which was organized before the election, is to continue in existence to wage war for the issues for which it contended during the campaign. Yesterday the league arranged for a series of lectures and discussions in Bricklayers' Hall, No. 229 East Twenty-fourth street, to continue all winter.

The first meeting will be held to-night, when Louis F. Post will speak about "The Future of Democracy." On the night of December 1, Henry Bowley will discuss "The Gold Standard." Edward McHugh, the representative of the International Federation of Marine and River Trades of England, will be the speaker on December 8, when he will discuss "International Federation of Labor." Bolton Hall will lecture on the subject, "What Are Taxes?" on December 15.

**TROUBLE OVER AN ENTRANCE.**

Saloon Man Charged with Having Given False Information.

Residents of Forty-fourth street in the vicinity of Sixth avenue are making a hard fight to break the liquor license granted to William Smith for the place at No. 777 Sixth avenue, which was formerly the old Sixth Avenue Hotel, on the ground that he gave false information in order to obtain the license. Smith said that the nearest entrance to his saloon was not within 200 feet of a house used exclusively for residential purposes. William H. Marston, Joseph Finch and Joshua C. Sanders say that he walked up one door, which was within the 200-foot limit, a few days before he got the license, with the intention of opening it again.

Smith denied this. Justice Beekman ordered that the case be heard by a referee.

**Paid for Almost a Million.**

London, Nov. 23.—The announcement was made to-day of the failure of Webster & Burnie, Australian merchants, doing business at No. 27 Cannon street, London. The liabilities of the firm are £180,000, and their assets £120,000.

**Women Philosophers' Meeting.**

The Phallo Club, which makes the proud boast that it is the only feminine philosophical society in the city, met yesterday afternoon at No. 34 West Forty-seventh street. Descartes, and French metaphysical and mathematical, was discussed.

## DAUGHTER MISSING, PARENTS MOURN.

No Word from Gussie Behrman Since She Left Home Saturday.

Mother Almost Prostrated, Father Nearly Insane with Worry Over His Girl.

He Fears She Has Been Coaxed Away from Home by a Young Man Acquaintance.

READY TO FORGIVE IF SHE'LL RETURN.

He Has Sought Her Almost Ceaselessly, Neither Eating Nor Sleeping, So Great Has Been His Anxiety—Police at Work, Too.

The disappearance of fifteen-year-old Gussie Behrman from her home, at No. 334 East Ninetieth street, has prostrated her mother and nearly driven her father insane. For three days neither has had a wink of sleep, and the table has been set only for the benefit of the younger children, Charley, a bright-faced boy of eight, and Katrina, a pretty brown-haired, blue-eyed girl of six.

The story of Gussie's disappearance is sad. The father used to make \$18 a week driving a brewery wagon, and in those days the family occupied a comfortably furnished flat. Then Mrs. Behrman was taken sick. Doctors' bills, ate up the small savings, and for two weeks the husband never left his wife's side. At the end of that time he reported for work, only to be told that his place had been filled.

With neither money nor work he was compelled to give up the flat and send his wife to the Presbyterian Hospital. He took a couple of rooms in the basement where he lives, and with Gussie, who is an exceedingly pretty child, although small for her years, to keep house, they managed to get along.

**Mother Almost Prostrated.** Four weeks ago Mrs. Behrman left the hospital, but as a consequence of her daughter's disappearance she is about ready to go back.

Gussie disappeared last Saturday morning. On that morning she left her home to go to work for a woman who lives on East Eighty-third street. When night came and she did not return, her father went to the house to inquire about her. He was told she had not been there all day. When she left Friday night she asked for her money, but it was not given her, because her week was not up.

Then the father visited all his acquaintances without finding a trace of the missing girl, and all Saturday night he walked the streets, asking every one he met for information of his daughter.

He returned home Sunday morning, only to find fresh trouble. His wife was all but prostrated and kept calling for "Gussie." Worn and weary, he started out again, and while he was absent a boy named Harry Jewett, who lives in the same house, came running in and said he had just seen Gussie on Second avenue. He was followed by a girl named Lily Clifford, who also lives in the same house, who said she, too, had seen Gussie. Her hair looked as though it had just been curled, she said, and she walked fast and refused to speak to any one.

**Out Again to Seek Her.**

When the father returned a few hours later and was told about it, he started out again on his weary search and kept it up until a o'clock in the afternoon, when he asked the police to assist him. From that time until late last night he kept on the go. He is exhausted. "I don't know what to think of Gussie's disappearance," he said. "She was good girl, I'm sure, and was too much of a child to have gone away without coaxing. About three weeks ago a young man coaxed Gussie away one evening, when I had sent her to buy a paper. I sent Charley to look for her, and he found Gussie and the young man going together. He was Gus's cousin, and Charley to accompany him to the cellar of his house, where he locked them in and kept them all night. He told Gus not to tell about it, but I had sent her, and then threatened to whip her if she ever spoke to him again. To-day he, too, disappeared. We will forgive her if her will only come back, and I fear for her mother's life if she doesn't."

The girl sat on a blue dress, gray coat and blue sailor hat, when she left home.

**A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.**

## Beecham's Pills

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Faintness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Bloated on the Stomach, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc., when these symptoms are caused by constipation, as most of them are. **THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.** Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these Pills and they will be acknowledged to be **A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.**

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions, or irregularities of the system. For a

## Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion Disordered Liver

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and inducing with the **ROSEBUD OF HEALTH** the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are facts admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **Beecham's Pills** have the **Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.**

## WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Annual Sales more than 6,000,000 Boxes.

at Drug stores, or will be sent by U. S. Agents, B. F. ALLEN CO., 35 Canal St., New York, post paid upon receipt of price. Book free upon application.

## MRS. FLEMING WAS ANGRY.

Loses Her Temper While a Witness in Supplementary Proceedings Against H. M. Bliss.

Mrs. Mary Alice Almont Fleming was in court yesterday. She was the principal witness in the supplementary proceedings brought against her stepfather, Henry M. Bliss, by John A. Maynard, to recover a judgment of \$375, rendered against him for grates supplied for his apartments in the Colonial Hotel, when he, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Fleming, and her children lived there.

Mrs. Fleming's testimony was not at all complimentary to her stepfather. At one stage she said she would require an affidavit before she would believe him.

She was accompanied to the City Court by a woman friend and by John A. Shaw, who was one of her lawyers in her memorable trial, and is now being sued for part of the fee Mrs. Fleming paid him. Bliss, who claims he was instrumental in securing the case for the lawyer, Mr.

Shaw is now a friend of Mrs. Fleming, and it was touching to see him, when she became excited at times, place his hand on her shoulder in a fatherly manner and exclaim:

"Now, now, Alice; keep quiet and answer the questions."

And Mrs. Fleming always followed his instructions. She said she had been told by her mother that Mr. Bliss was responsible for the rent of the apartments they occupied, and, although she paid no rent, she defrayed her living expenses. She admitted she had placed a chattel mortgage on her furniture, which was paid off by Mr. Bliss, and added:

"As I obtained the money on the mortgage for the support of my family, I do not think I was bound to repay him."

This question angered Mrs. Fleming. "Who was it, I'd like to know, took care of that whole family while?" Then it was that Mr. Shaw came to her aid, and he found it necessary to perform a similar service several times afterward. To give her an opportunity to produce her accounts books, so as to show who paid the expenses of the apartment, the examination was adjourned until December 2.

## Our Toy Department

is a Child's Paradise and World in itself, and as complete as it was last year, it is far more so this season. We excel in every line. If we go beyond even our own record it is in Drums!

## Drums! Drums! More Drums!

DRUMS SMALL AND DRUMS LARGE, BRASS FOUND AND GLITTERING WITH GAY STREAMERS.

Drums from France!  
Drums that bid the foe advance.  
Drums of Red and Drums of Yellow,  
Drums to please a little fellow.

In fact, Drums of every description, size and kind. Patriotic fathers and mothers should teach patriotism to their sons and daughters.

These Drums are handsomely finished; have the best skin heads and sticks that can be had.

Our Toy Department alone is larger than many entire houses devoted to such goods. We have everything—trunks, dolls and dolls with babies! All in a Carriage at that. Sleds, skates, soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, shops for whalers, boats, canoes, washing sets, desks, tables, baby carriages. Oh, such a lot of everything that you must see it all to appreciate the biggest show of novelties in New York. Things bought now will be kept for the buyer if it is desired. Send for our Special Toy Catalogue and price list.

## Thanksgiving Specialties

As far back as we can remember we have made offerings to our great American Anniversary Day, and shall not depart from the custom now.

We shall sell this week, Tuesday and Wednesday,

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Elegant Oak Extension Tables.....        | \$2.95 |
| Dining Chairs with Caned Seats.....      | 42c.   |
| Dining Chairs of Oak, with Leather.....  | 2.12   |
| Dinner Sets of Decorated China.....      | 5.49   |
| Tea Sets of Decorated China.....         | 2.60   |
| Glass Wine Sets, plain or colored.....   | 59c.   |
| Table or Banquet Lamps, with shades..... | 1.48   |

Goblets, Tumblers, Salters, Sugar Shakers, Silverware. Anything needed to place before Welcome Friends on the auspicious occasions. Solid Mahogany or Oak Corner Reception Chair, with seat of Satin Damask. This Chair is selected in fine rubbed Oak. The Arms are carved, and the Chair exquisitely polished throughout.

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| \$100 Worth, \$1.50 per week. | \$50 Worth, \$1.00 per week. |
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If you prize high quality at Bargains—look at these:

These marked \$10.00 are \$7.00  
Those marked \$7.50 are \$5.00  
Those marked \$5.00 are \$3.50  
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Those marked \$1.00 are \$0.75  
Those marked \$0.75 are \$0.50

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Opposite City Hall Park 245 Broadway

You'll always be satisfied with a good Covert. Never with a poor one.

**Business Suits & Overcoats.**

TO ORDER \$12.50 AND UP.

We carry as fine a line of fabrics as any Fifth Avenue establishment.

**Dress Suits, Silk-Lined.**

Through-out.

\$20.00 TO \$45.00.

No better goods manufactured in the world at any price.

**S. N. WOOD & CO.,**

Corner Lafayette and Astor Places.

and Broadway, cor. 30th Street.

Open Saturday Evenings Until 10.

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Male or Female

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